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Quid Novi

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McGILL UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF LAW
UNIVERSITE MCGILL FACULTE DE DROIT

November 28, 1989
le 28 novembre 1989

Ecrire sur le plaisir...

par Maryse Beaulieu, BCL II

Notion abstraite ces dernières semaines, voire éthérée. Mais puisqu'il y aura un Noël encore cette année, même pour les étudiants en droit et que nous nous acheminons vers cette ultime délivrance (aucune allusion aux contrats spéciaux). Il faut donc planifier, organiser et se délecter à l'avance de moultes douceurs qui se dessinent à l'horizon.

J'ai donc pensé vous suggérer quelques endroits qui me sont chers. Etant épicurienne par nature, je vous livre le nom des lieux qui abreuvent ma soif et assèchent mon porte-feuille, bref, les lieux où en de rares moments la fête

balaie tout.

Pour ceux qui n'ont pas d'imagination, pour un "lunch" rapide, le restaurant au 9ième étage chez Eaton est un "must". Une perle d'art déco dont on disserte dans les livres d'architecture et qui bat tous les restaurants de la "Main".

Puisqu'on en parle, pourquoi pas "Le Sam", décor sobre, pas trop à la mode, ou enfin si, mais pas encore envahi par la plèbe. Nourriture fine - pas du tout le type "Crocodile", clinquant, mec en habit de flanelle et montre Gucci. Plus décontracté, plus subtil et une table qui mérite une bonne note. Ne pas stationner sa BMW en face, c'est mal vu.

Et enfin, le vieux Montréal, celui qu'on délaisse et qui pourtant abritera une partie d'entre nous. Je vous suggère "Le Royer", comme si l'on s'évadait de Montréal quelques instants. Le charme d'une auberge, un formalisme non déplaisant, manger à une table où les assiettes, les ustensiles ronflent leur ancienne arrogance. Plafonds hauts, beaucoup d'espace, couleurs sombres sans être lourdes. Le souci d'une très bonne table, d'un service courtois, attentionné, poli. Bref, l'essence même du rituel dont est auréolé la gastronomie.

Suite à la p.6

A Most Curious Adventure

"A Most Curious Adventure"

or

"Lord Fenwick's Travels Among the Hedonites"

Another Tale From the Diary of the Wandering Law Lord

by Lord Fenwick, Master of the Scrolls.

November 22, 1754

Two months have passed since my last entry, but in the interval I have had a most curious adventure. As I wrote last, I succeeded in arranging transport for myself on a Spanish merchant vessel

from Eldorado. Captain Cut-Throat and his Merry Band were persuaded to take me as far as the mouth of the Amazon on the Minosso. From there, I could continue my Search for the lost common law tribes of Time Immemorial. My interest was piqued by a rumour of a tribe known as the Nonsuits apparently inhabiting the region.

Once out of port, the crew seemed particularly impressed by my gilded robes, and kindly asked if I was fatigued and cared to retire to my cabin for a "long rest", or perhaps I would enjoy a walk along the plank. I declined, but thanked them for their thoughtfulness.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Library - As exams approach, the Law Area Library Advisory Committee is asking students to cooperate in the observance and enforcement of silence on the 3rd, 5th and 6th floors of the Library. The stack manager and reference librarian are available to help in this matter, if necessary.

More Library - Boxes are now in place in the Law Library for the recycling of computer and photocopying paper. This service, courtesy of the Environmental Law Association of McGill (ELAM), depends entirely upon the energy of volunteers like you. Please phone James at 395-6601 for more information.

A tous nos lecteurs avides - Veuillez prendre note que vu l'avalanche d'articles soumis sur les plaisirs de la vie, les rapports de conférences qui ont eu lieu en novembre seront publiés en janvier.

X-Mas Party!

The Christmas party will be held on the last day of exams, December 20, at Club Jodee's, 2025 Drummond, corner de Maisonneuve at 9 p.m.

Reduced prices for beer and alcohol

Cover charge: \$3.00

(it goes to cover our costs)

Come properly dressed (they mean no jeans)

Venez nombreux, la fin de la moitié de vos problèmes ça se fête.

Watch this space - Reviews and comments on conferences held during the week of November 13-17 will be published in the first issue in January, 1990.

Insurance Law - McGill Series "The Law and You...A Practical Guide" presents "Insurance Law - The Legislative Tidal Wave". Everything you ever wanted to know - and more - about the fast-changing world of insurance will be the subject of a special all-day seminar on Wednesday November 29, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Experienced and distinguished professionals, including Deputy Minister of Justice and Deputy Attorney General of Quebec Jacques Chamberland, former Associate Minister for Finance and Privatization Pierre Fortier, and Me Luc Plamondon, senior counsel with Sun Life Assurance, to mention only a few, will discuss the wave of new federal and provincial legislation now affecting all aspects of the insurance industry. Professor Richard Janda will chair the seminar.

Forum National - End of term meeting: Wednesday, November 29, 12:00 noon, room 102. The "New Perspectives on Abortion Symposium" was very successful. Look for write-ups on the event in the first January *Quid*. Forum National would like to thank all the people that helped in the publicity and production of first term events including the *Quid*, and the LSA/A.E.D. There's a great program planned for next year, all to be advertised in the *Quid*. Joyeux Noël à tout le monde.

Deadline - All first term courses being evaluated by a term paper, as well as all first term essays are to be submitted to the S.A.O. no later than the last day of term, December 1, by 5:00 p.m.

Spring Convocation, June 1990 - A preliminary listing of candidates expected to graduate at the Spring Convocation has been posted in the S.A.O. Students are asked to please verify the information on these lists and advise S.A.O. of any changes and corrections.

Coin des SPORTS Corner

Not much action in intramurals this week ... but how about those "Whatevers"! The **men's basketball** team folded at the hands of the "Foreclosures" on Sunday. Despite looking marvelous, they were startlingly unproductive offensively. Look for Buzz and the boys to return for action next semester - after a well-needed winter respite.

Law Games - look for team rosters in the pit.

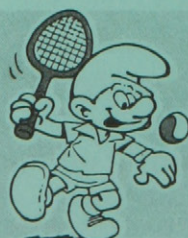
Weight Room - I sincerely apologize to all the flabby girlie men and women who anxiously awaited my article on how to achieve maximum pumptitude. You will have to wait until January to read the first installment called: "Reaching your

ultimate Pectential" - an expose on how to increase your flat chest into bulging beach muscle sized pectorals.

This is no excuse for you to pig out during exams and holidays so that you will need robosuction just to fit into the weight room doors. You must always try to attain your maximum pumptential at all times. The series will begin just after we crush our weak opponents from the other girlie faculties in the Law Games.

So hear me now and read me later.

Ski Day - \$16.00, Jan. 5. Lift ticket, transportation, possible beverage, at Chanteclerc. Pay now, ski later.



Ex Libris Non Legalis

by Ron H. Lauenstein, BCL III

Have exams got you down? Does the weight of every snowflake crush your belief in life prior to ice, wind and eternal nasal drip? I promise you a way to escape, salvation and indulgence beyond a Club Med vacation, at a price considerably less than imagined. Where can you find such a panacea for your case, Code and Constitution beriddled mind? In non-law books of course! Yes Virginia, books can be fun! As difficult as that may be to believe for a law student, the written word does offer untold variety and pleasure and is well worth pursuing.

To assuage my own mild perturbedness with respect to upcoming final exams (yeah, sure) I thought a visit to a bookseller would do the spirit some good. Montreal as a bicultural and bilingual city, contrary to the beliefs of some, does offer an excellent selection of quality English bookstores. A personal favourite of mine and a relative Montreal newcomer is LEXIS (on Peel St. near Sherbrooke) opened in September 1988. Although only little over a year old, LEXIS' three owners and staff have decades' worth of bookselling experience and are true to their philosophy of informed, attentive personal service and a high quality, diverse selection.

On my recent jaunt to a physical world beyond the Law Library, I discussed with Taylor Marshall, part-owner of LEXIS, what new books would be of interest as an immediate mode of cerebral evasion or to be hoarded for self-indulgent and bibliophilic holidays! Born of my conversation I have compiled as a guide for possible avenues of escape a selection of noteworthy books of varied subject matter and their approximate price range.

As every good law student knows the place to begin is at the source. The eclectic range of reference books

available is startling and certainly go beyond the staid classic Funk & Wagnall Dictionary. If the brocads of Professor Crépeau have whet your appetite to sprinkle conversation with words of wisdom the beautifully produced Oxford Book of Quotes (\$49.95) is for you! The book to buy for those who perhaps leave their manners at the gates when attending lectures is the recent Miss Manners Guide for the Turn of the Millenium (\$30.00). Panati's Extraordinary Endings of Practically Everything and Everybody (\$15.00) offers hope to those "of bizarre mind that see ends everywhere", as in legal studies maybe? The Straight Dope (\$12.50) by Cecil Adams, known to those who read the Mirror, is a compilation of questions most would not conceive of possibly asking and their surprisingly plausible and scary answers. For the romantics, there is A Curmudgeon's Garden of Love (\$19.95), "1000 irreverant quotations, anecdotes and interviews" on "Romance, Sex & Love's myriad delusions".

The perennial standby of paperbacks offer a cheaper and shall we say less researchevoking way to avoid reality and they range in price from \$5.95 to \$15.95. Mystery lovers should look up Colin Dexter's "Inspector Morse" books, stylish English mysteries which are, dare I say it, a cut above Agatha Christie. For the dedicated mystery buff, Tony Hillerman's Navajo detective, Jim Chee, (see D. Torrens' review in this issue) is another original character well worth reading.

The ribald, historic fiction of George MacDonald's reluctant hero Flashman is a must for those who like their history alive and kicking. Thomas Harris' new Silence of the Lambs, on the other hand, will keep you up at night thinking about lurking insane murderers and whether they can have mens rea, are somnambulistic or simply need a sound night's sleep.

The seemingly lost art of literature is presented this season in the works of several giants in the field. Timothy Findley's Stones is a collection of short stories "as elegant and polished as cut glass". Posthumously published, Where I'm Calling From by Raymond Carver, is another excellent collection of short stories and a certain masterpiece of American fiction. Canada's own Margaret Atwood has Cat's Eye out in paperback; you love her or you don't.

What law student's library is complete without the Second Rumpole Omnibus by John Mortimer, detailing the wise words and legal wrangles of the sage barrister Rumpole. Buy your copy today and trot back to LEXIS with it in March 1990 when Mortimer will actually be in attendance to sign books. Of course, if Rumpole is too cerebral, there is always the "entertaining" Bonfire of the Vanities by Thomas Wolfe; is it a possible mirror of life as a lawyer? I hope not!

In the likelihood that extensive written passages might intimidate some at this time of exam frenzy, comic compilations and humor are instantly accessible, gratifying and relatively inexpensive, ranging in price from \$10.00 to \$12.00. For starters, there's The Gazette's hangman Aislin and his new book Lawn Jockey, perhaps at times more disturbing than funny but then that's how it is in the world. Does a rotten kid and a stuffed tiger come to mind and strike a funny bone, if so, the new Calvin and Hobbes Lazy Sunday Book, Saturday in Montreal, is ready and waiting. Although the Far Side no longer graces or curses our newspapers, the disturbed master Gary Larson has published a Prehistory of the Far Side 10th Annual Exhibit detailing his early work, progress and odd commentary. Similarly biting in humour though with cuddlier characters,

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Aimez-vous le chocolat? ou Etes-vous choco-olique?

par Eve Saucier, BCL II

Une petite chronique sans prétention pour vous faire partager mes péchés mignons... définis par le Larousse comme une "pâte alimentaire solidifiée" - semble un peu indigeste... n'y a-t-il pas infiniment plus dans le mot "chocolat"?

Il semble bien que oui : le cacaoyer, l'arbre produisant le cacao, a comme nom scientifique "theobroma cacao" qui signifie "nourriture des dieux". Revigorant non? Mais depuis quand l'humanité a-t-elle accès à cette merveille?

Pour le découvrir il nous faut remonter à la conquête du Mexique par les Espagnols, au début du XVI^e siècle. Les Aztèques consommaient une boisson composée de cacao et de maïs (le xocoatl) que Montezuma fit goûter à Cortes; celui-ci décida d'y ajouter du sucre, pour enlever le goût amer de la chose, et le tour fut joué: le chocolat était né.

On ramena avec soi la recette en Europe, où l'usage du chocolat se répandit plus ou

moins vite. En France on dût attendre Louis XVI pour voir apparaître cette mode. Chose à souligner, dans ce pays le chocolat était l'avantage exclusif de l'aristocratie et très prisé à la Cour, alors qu'en Espagne, par exemple, tous pouvaient y avoir accès. Ce n'est pas d'hier que la répartition des richesses diffère d'un pays à l'autre...

Un dernier mot sur les propriétés de l'aliment en question. Comme disait Cortes dans une lettre à Charles V, le chocolat augmente la résistance et combat la fatigue, puisqu'il stimule les organes digestifs sans les fatiguer et contient de la théobromine, substance voisine de la caféine. Ah-ah : voici l'arme pour la période des examens! Et enfin, le chocolat est reconnu pour ses effets anti-dépressifs. Pour les peines d'amour, rien de mieux qu'une seule tablette de chocolat pour se re-pepper! Pas surprenant, quand on y pense, qu'il soit de mise d'en manger à l'époque de la St-Valentin.

Alors, tous, à nos Toblerones, Hershey, Godiva, Laura Secord, Cadbury, etc.....etc...etc...j'arrête ici parce que c'est impoli de parler la bouche pleine!



SILENT BUT DEADLY

Exams and Hedonism:

A Match Made in Heaven

by Michael B. Kleinman, BCL II

'Tis a wondrous thing indeed that two relatively sane people, let alone the editors-in-chief of the *Quid*, our own faculty's organ (for lack of a better term) have conveyed or devised an idea as emphyteutic as this - an end-of-term issue of the *Quid* devoted to hedonism?! What on earth were they thinking? Do they expect that people have nothing better to do with their time than to write articles, let alone to read them? Probably... Any time whatsoever spent away from perpetuities and capital gains is time very well spent.

In order to commemorate this historic issue of the *Quid* and the end of yet another glorious semester, I wish to raise a number of profound, provocative questions. Helpful suggestion: ponder one (1) for several moments every day during the exam period, commencing Monday, December 4, 1989. I guarantee your spirits will lift, you'll see the officious light at the end of the tunnel (through which I know you have an implied easement) and you will fine-tune your brain cells for the 'big' one the next day. The best of luck to everyone!

1. (Dec. 4) Why is the men's room in the Pit not equipped with paper towelling? Is this a comment on male hygiene?

2. (Dec. 5) Wouldn't Taxation (the course, the habit, the collection) be easier

if there was no such thing as a capital gain?

3. (Dec. 6) What exactly is 'common' about the Common Room?

4. (Dec. 7) For those who've purchased QPIRG mugs, how do you feel about washing them after several days of coffee-drinking? After several weeks?

5. (Dec. 8) How much money does the Faculty save by installing only half the requisite number of light bulbs in the lobby on the main floor? (Answer: not nearly as much as it cost us in eyeglasses, etc.)

6. (Dec. 9) How much money does the Faculty save by penny-pinching on lights in the Moot Court? Can you read what you're writing? What about after 5 p.m.?

7. (Dec. 10) When was the last time that early registration, streaming regulations and balloting for courses has saved you time and aggravation?

8. (Dec. 11) When was the last time you perused the results of course evaluations in order to select your courses?

9. (Dec. 12) How would you rate the ventilation system in the cafeteria?

10. (Dec. 13) How would you rate the ventilation system in the photocopy

room in the library? Are those fumes toxic? noxious? probably criminal?

11. (Dec. 14) Have you picked up the latest volume of the McGill Law Journal?

12. (Dec. 15) If so, how much of it have you read closely? quickly? at all?

13. (Dec. 16) How often have you taken out a copy of the *Quid* on reserve in order to read that article that you 'must have missed'?

14. (Dec. 17) How many times have you gone in/out the doors of Old Chancellor Day Hall? How many times have you remembered whether to push or pull?

15. (Dec. 18) Why are the Law Games the very first week-end back from vacation?

16. (Dec. 19) Why is there a Porter's Desk on the main floor of NCDH? When was the last time a porter asked to carry your bags? your books? your coffee?

17. (Dec. 20) Do you feel safe riding in either of the Faculty elevators? If so, why?

There you have it. You've successfully completed the questionnaire and, I hope, all your exams. Have a good rest, Merry Christmas, Happy Chanukah and may the New Year bring peace, health, and happiness to you all.



Ecrire sur le plaisir...

Suite de la p.1

En attendant le moment fatidique, grignotez un peu de chocolat, il a le mérite d'être bon au goût, surtout si vous consommez des litres de café, et produit le même effet.

Il y a d'abord "Andrée", essayez leurs truffes et pralines, la "Pâtisserie Toman" où les chocolats aromatisés à l'alcool frôlent l'indécence. Enfin "l'incontournable" (adjectif "in" que j'ose enfin utiliser pour voir l'effet) "Le Nôtre" sur Laurier. Petits plaisirs qui vous feront glousser.

En espérant que ces suggestions vous seront utiles et que je n'ai pas dévoilé ces secrets sans objet. Bonne vacances.

Restaurants

Le Royer restaurant, 2, Le Royer est
876-1386

Le Sam, 3715 St-Laurent 842-
0653

Chocolatiers

Andrée Chocolats, 4144 Ste-Catherine
ouest

Pâtisserie Toman, 1421 Mackay

Pâtisserie Le Nôtre, 1050 Laurier ouest



Lord Fenwick...

Cont'd from p.1

But that night, my good fortune came to an abrupt end when we sailed into a terrible gale. Our tiny, though stoutly built, ship was tossed. If not for the courage of our fearless crew I knew the Minosso would be lost. Unfortunately, the crew was neither fearless nor particularly bright, all leaping overboard at the first sign of danger.

Abandoned, and having lost my wig and my last copy of the *Statute of Uses* to the mighty waves, I climbed up the main mast and tied my knickers to the crow's nest. I hoped thus to ride out the fury of the tempestuous tempest. As the last light trickled over the horizon, the darkness and the fury of the storm gained indomitable dominion over all.

The morning I awoke to bright sunlight and the gentle squawking of sea fowl. Peering in a lordly manner from my perch, I discovered that the ship had sunk and that only the tip of the mast now protruded from the water. The Minosso had gone down in the shallows off the shore of what appeared to be an uninhabited island. It was then that I met the Hedonites.

Their vessel was about 40 feet long and propelled by some unknown mechanism. It powered up to my perch, then came suddenly to a silent stop. A band of scantily clad male and female Hedonites were laughing and dancing upon the deck. I gathered they were involved in some primitive mating ritual, and feared that I was to meet my end — a human sacrifice.

Rather than being eaten, I was invited to dinner, though I was the object of some ridicule for my stately manner and inscrutably correct pronunciation. Only after ridding myself of my wet robes and dressing in the local attire was I fully accepted by the tribe. The strange garb consisted, in the island dialect, of runners, shorts, a t-shirt inscribed with the sacred words, "Let's Party!" and a

pair of black eye-covers called "shades".

The Hedonites then took me around their island kingdom and told me tales of the many great parties they had had there. I drank many bottles of a fine crew called "Bud" and partook of the ceremonial "Timbits". I was told that these were traditional "Coffee House" fare, and that this event had something to do with the career development of lawyers on the island. Curiously enough, they had never heard of coffee.

Indeed, I was to learn much more about the Hedonites' unusual legal system. Walking the lusty streets of Indulgeosia, their capital, I was taken by the readiness of Hedonites to indulge in their barest passions. But his, I was told by my faithful guide Lecho, was not impulse, but obedience to the law.

"Law?" I inquired sardonically and with wistful indignation. I knew perfectly well that the Hedonites had neither courts nor democratic institutions. They did however vote once every four years for a "Party Animal" from among candidates chosen from the best parties. The winner's role was to spend the most communal funds on self-aggrandizement and debauchery. Other than that, and a large nuclear arsenal, I was witness to no other signs of civilization.

"Oh, but law is everywhere!" said my guide Lecho. "Observe the passers by. every movement has legislative content," he said. "When others follow in the same manner, the conduct becomes law. If no one follows, then it remains but a proposal."

Finding this trendiness rather irritating, I asked him what happens to murderers and others of the same genus rogue. "Why, we've had several murderers," he said. "But so far that conduct has not been enacted. On the contrary, "Lecho added, "the response has usually been to throw the murderer off a cliff. But all this could change if custom changes. Claim
cont'd on p.8

Stargazing by Day

by Darcy Edgar, LLB II

Hedonism. Hedonism. Hedonism. One of my favourite words. Some days I come out of the gates and stand at the top of Peel, on the sidewalk, and feel poised, like a bird or a glass brimful of water, waiting to fly or spill down the hill, riverward, to freedom. Mainly I like to get away from the unholy noise of law school. I hate words. I hate sentences. Silence is my drug. I could go up the mountain, but it's too busy there. There are dogs straining at leashes, pop cans, no wild places left, at least, not before midnight. No, I go down hill to find the silent places. It takes cunning and foresight to find them. Sometimes you have to scoop them out yourself, like the snow caves you made when you were a little kid.

There are plenty of silent places right nearby. The metro is good. You can stand and smell that greasy, smokey odour on the platform and hear the mindless rush and roar of the tires. If you're lucky, two cars will come at once from opposite directions - a buffeting eardrum massage. One must take position carefully between the busker musicians and the P.A. speakers, so that "Bicyclette à Versailles" is neatly cancelled out by "California Dreamin'". Everyone else is silent, too, studying the willa-wonky plastic surfaces of the billboards, staring at their shoes, studying the crud lying between the rails. It's as silent as a church.

Eaton's is good, too, especially now it's decked out with pine boughs. It's almost like being in a great forest. No one talks to you. I remember this silence from my childhood. Do you speak French? or English? No. You speak not at all.

Nowhere in the world can you take part in such silent transactions. People scream their heads off in the aisles, but when they approach the cash, silence. Only the staff members talk to one another, and then only about lunch, and usually in front of the elevators. It's very restoring.

Les Cours Mont-Royal is a terrific place, also. This empty emporium hasn't figured out who its clientele is, so if you go into Fendi, for example (beautiful cloth! beautiful leather! beautiful lace!) the salesclerk will shrink like escargots as you turn over the price tags (\$1200 for this blouse, \$700 for these shoes), afraid that you'll dash off and leave them... all alone... again. In the food fair, you whisper, the seats are vulcanized rubber. The benches stick to the seat of your pants, and they are soundproof. The Egyptian cinema is there too. It has great seats, hand-painted murals, and hieroglyphs to tell you where the bathrooms are. There is never anyone there. The ushers are so quiet and polite (they have the clients seriously outnumbered) they let you stay and see one, two or three shows. You can even switch shows halfway if you're bored. Last Christmas I wrote a very bad Torts exam. But I knew what to do. I saw "My Stepmother is an Alien", a Christmas movie starring Tom Hanks (or was it Dan Ackroyd?) and another movie about which I remember nothing. It didn't help me forget, but it was wonderfully, wonderfully quiet. Like checking into a Swiss sanitarium high in the Alps.

Where else can you go to slip by people as silently as if they were fish in an aquarium? Well, I won't tell you about my secret places in the Redpath Library, because, nothing personal, I don't want to run into you there. But I will tell you about this great place just down the hill at 2025 Peel, just past that café that has

tables out on the street in summer. It's the Gilde canadienne des métiers d'arts, Québec. The Guild usually has great stuff in the window. They have two buildings and three floors, and the shows change all the time, except for the room in the back, which houses their permanent collection. Right now on the second floor, to the left, there is an exhibition called Sculpture Inuit, not an original title, but there are some wonderful eye-fuls there. It's fairly quiet, the floors are carpeted, and they won't try to sell you anything because it's plain to them you can't afford it. In this show, near the windows, there are three marble masks made by an artist called Taquialaq Nuna. One is peach-coloured, one sea-green and one pure white. The marble comes from South Baffin Island. Nuna grew up on a SAC base. The masks are very polished and smooth. One fits inside the other. They are translucent. One is set up in a case against the window so that you can see how the light transforms it. The lips look as though they are about to speak, the eyes, to laugh. There are many more extraordinary works on view along with these, but simply to see these masks and marvel is enough. Then you can go to Eaton's and brush your naked fingers over the synthetic angora mittens on display for Christmas giving, then hop onto the subway and take that tantra home.

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Lord Fenwick...

Cont'd from p.6

and response," he said. "In fact, one murderer was recently locked in a closet."

Intrigued by this system, I inquired further, but neither Lecho nor any other Hedonite would have any more of me. All were rushing screaming and dancing to the port. The Beaujolais Nouveau had arrived. It seemed the Hedonites also had a passion for overpriced, overrated foreign wines.

With both relief and some sadness, I boarded the French vessel and waved my fond farewells to the Hedonites — several indeed waving back.

As I reflected upon what Lecho had told me, I noticed that several young Hedonites had taken to wearing gilded robes in the fashion of the Law Lords. I knew then, with a tear in my eye, that a little bit of merry old England would remain behind me to perhaps save the Hedonites from their barbarous ways.



DROIT ou CROCHE

Anne-Marie Migneault, B.C.L. II

Suivons le droit chemin ... dévouons nous, sacrifions-nous à la noble cause de l'éducation. On récolte ce que l'on sème, et c'est le temps de semer des petites graines de G.A.P. Suivons le droit chemin....

MAIS ZUT, 'FAUT PAS FRUSTRER EN CHEMIN.

Dans le temps des examens, pour combattre la frustration, il faut allouer un peu de temps à l'HÉDONISME, que le dictionnaire Larousse définit comme suit: "hédonisme: la doctrine qui fait du plaisir immédiat le but de la vie."

Le plaisir immédiat dans le temps des examens, c'est de faire ce qui n'est pas droit. Recherchons donc nos plaisirs croches. Oui, oui, croches. Si c'est pas croche et inutile, c'est droit, et si c'est droit, c'est pas de l'hédonisme.

Quant à ceux qui ne peuvent s'identifier au moins une tendance croche, pas de panique, on vous en trouvera une.

C'EST PAS PARCE QU'ON ÉTUDIE EN DROIT QUE LE RESTE DE NOTRE VIE N'EST PAS CROCHE.

Que ce soit le réglisse rouge, les machines à boules, les émissions de télé complètement débiles, ou ... (selon votre imagination; plus c'est croche, moins ça s'écrit). Ne négligez pas votre petit côté croche tout en étudiant sagement votre droit.

SINON, QUE DE PLAISIRS PERDUS DANS L'EXCES DE VERTU

P.S. Mon côté croche est de déconner. Pardon.

A Message from the Social Coordinator

Voici la nouvelle liste des membres du comité social pour cette année. Des ajustements furent nécessaires après l'arrivée des petits nouveaux, et suite à l'indifférence de certains membres qui ne se sont jamais pointé le nez à leur poste (ne serait-ce qu'un seul "Coffee House") plusieurs furent éliminés.

Social Committee 1989/1990 Comité des affaires sociales

Social Coordinator : Vincent Lesage
Jonathan Burnham

Brett Code
Seth Dalfen
Mitch Dufresne
Karen Dunn
Henry Eichler
Brian Fell
Scott Henderson
Kurt Johnson
Lori Knowles
Patricia Kosseim
Rick Kusick

Rob Michelin
Kathleen Murphy
Laura Nield
Katherine Petcher
Lucie Poirier
Jean-Paul Poitras
Brigitte Roy
Mark Steinberg
John Sypnovitch
Renée Thériault
Anne-Marie Waters
Jordan Waxman

Je suis très heureux d'accueillir les nouveaux membres. Je trouve que vous faites du bon travail. I personally have a lot of fun working with you, and from the many compliments that were made on the efficiency, and (at times) the beauty or charming personality of the staff (and not just the women), I think the public feels the same way I do. J'espère que la deuxième session sera aussi agréable que la première.

On Being in Law School for the Wrong Reasons

by Judy Knight, BCL III

I couldn't wait until the string of legal memoranda were written so that I could get back to "just reading". After a Saturday of reading, however, I was complaining again - "It all goes so slowly, I get saturated so fast, I'm three hundred pages behind in one course alone...". My husband looked at me, and asked me what I did like about law school.

My immediate response was: "the woodwork of Old Chancellor Day Hall, and the dim light glowing from those little shades which are always slightly askew, suggesting some wonderful inverse desire to not impress anyone from the outside, let alone any of the "inmates". I love the wide staircase with professors running up and down on seemingly urgent business. One always sees the feet first, and then the heads. And that tiny closet of a mail room, with professors bumping up against each other - what are all those missives in the

cubby holes? Are they everything that is important for the smooth running of the Faculty?

The slight aroma of the fireplace permeates the elegant common room, where one can always be restored physically and mentally if only one is lucky enough to be alone or with quiet classmates. And then there are that set of front doors to the building - those doors which open so perversely, and so oppositely to the next set of doors! How "in" are we who can open them properly the first time with no frustrating pulls instead of pushes, and no stupid next attempt at the right instead of the left.

How wonderful to call that gorgeous green lawn our own in the fall, and to see its soft blue cover surrounding the courtyard in spring. Those cars and people "out there" - the man on the [Peel Street] omnibus - don't belong on this side of the wrought iron fence, as we do. What pride I take in saying that I'm in law

school; and what a wonderful excuse it is to get out of all the things I don't want to do.

And the friends here - the friends who offer you notes, photocopies and summaries before you ask...the rather hilarious conversation with a friend who called at midnight on Saturday night with the revelation that "joint and several" in the O.P.A. is not, apparently, for debts...and the friend who woke up one morning and could no longer grasp the meaning of "notwithstanding".

If I want to take six courses and write five papers in three months...and if I want to live by the rule of law of "add one and delete two" - just for the privilege of the above little enjoyments - who can begrudge me?

My husband had no reply.



Books, Books, Books...

Cont'd from p.3

Berke Breathed's The Night of the Mary Kay Commandoes is good for a laugh. A seemingly underground comic strip that has gained popularity is Matt Groening's "Akbar and Jeff", finally compiled in their new book Akbar and Jeff's Guide to Life. They are distinctive in their Charlie Brown t-shirts and Moroccan fezes and definitely not mainstream cartoon characters but then nor is the humour. Be wary!

Those with a little more money can move into the realm of hard cover and "coffee table" books ranging in price from \$27 to \$135, and since this is the "right" school that option is certainly available. Umberto Eco's new book Foucault's Pendulum is another "un-rosey" philosophical-suspense yarn, evoking dark and mysterious images. Nine years

in the making, covering the usual several angst-ridden generations and life in London and the Eastern Townships is Mordecai Richler's Solomon Gursky Was Here. If Umberto is too heavy, then Ken Follet's Pillars of the Earth looks like fun. Be seised of the "crude and flamboyant" Medieval England he portrays.

This year's Day in the Life covers China on April 15, 1989 (pre-Tiananmen) and offers a brilliant visual account of a People's Republic few Westerners will have the opportunity of ever seeing. Does sensuality, bare flesh and beauty interest you? The Skrebneski is visually evocative of the art of glamour photography and notably not for those who consider conservatism and attire a virtue. My favourite current "coffee table" book is an impressively produced one of Georgia O'Keefe's landscapes, In

the West. The impeccable reproduction and the folio-size does considerable justice to the emotive works of an artist of her calibre. At \$135, however, don't spill coffee on this one!

With 1 million English language books published annually, this list could go on for ever, and naturally a few had to be omitted. Regardless, I hope that this guide will help lead some to explore the world of non-law books that really does exist out there. A brilliant source for further information on reading matter is the Readers' Catalogue, which is an undisputed bible of bibliophilia and lists practically every subject area, obscure and otherwise, of books published, and includes brief commentaries.

Happy reading and take time to "bouquiner" beyond law!

A Break From Lord Denning...

(With All Due Respect)

by Diana Torrens, BCL II

Colder weather is nigh upon us, and what better way to spend part of the Great Canadian Season than nestled in with the requisite warm blanky, mug of tea and stack of good books, all the better to indulge in some harmless escapism or simply while away a few hours?

A friend recently suggested a couple of books by the author Tony Hillerman, an American writer of murder mysteries. Never having really gotten into the cops-and-robbers, thriller-type paperbacks, but always open to new ideas, I took up her suggestion.

Hillerman is an American Indian, Navajo to be exact. His stories all involve Indians and, to a great extent, Indian culture. What is interesting, for a white person at least, is the insight offered into the native people and their ways. Hillerman skillfully brings out fundamental aspects of native culture in small, everyday events throughout the story, much the same way as in real life, we learn most about another culture through the "little things". At certain points as well, he draws comparisons between native culture and perspective and that of the white man.

A brief review then:

In The Ghostway, we meet Tribal Policeman Jim Chee, the protagonist in several of Hillerman's stories, although he has also penned a number of other thrillers featuring "independent" heroes. A man is gunned down at a Wash-O-Mat, and the chase takes Chee all through the Big Reservation, out to Los Angeles and back again. Along the way, we encounter various Navajo beliefs concerning death

and its circumstances. An Indian hogan (dwelling) is infected by "ghost sickness"; a ghost is prevented from making its journey into the underworld because the body has not been prepared according to tradition, and survivors having had possible contact with the ghost must go through a healing ceremony to be restored to "beauty", i.e. harmony. Harmony, with oneself and one's surroundings, runs through all of Navajo culture. All this is interwoven with the stark realities of trying to find the killer. Some of the action takes place on the reservation, in which case the beliefs and surrounding culture are part of, and indeed instrumental to, the search. Some of it takes place off the reservation, in which case the culture is still an important part of the effort, but comes up against the white man's world and rules. It is at crossroad points like this that Hillerman most forcefully brings out the divergencies.

Consider the situation in the second book I read, Listening Woman. At the start of the story, the elderly, respected Listening Woman is performing a healing chant for a sick man. While she is gone momentarily to meditate, i.e. "listening" for what is making him sick, he and the Listening Woman's niece are murdered. The state police are baffled; to the Indians it is a simple case of witches at their evil work. The story then winds through a fascinating labyrinth of Indian folklore and legend surrounding sickness, healing, death, life, stages in life, and witchcraft; the legends involve birds, frogs, all kinds of creatures. In the end, one almost regrets finding out "whodunit", but one thing is certain, the culprit would not have been found without the assistance of a native policeman, because non-natives just

don't know which questions to ask the people in the area, what lines of questions to follow up on, where to look. The cultural element is an essential part of being able to work effectively on the reservation and with native people. The same way the Indians in the stories feel disoriented when they have to work off the reservation, so too the white police officials don't quite fit in on the reservation, although they don't recognize this in themselves as readily as their native counterparts do when they go out into the white culture.

Hillerman's style is straightforward and direct-paced. From a purely personal point of view, I found Listening Woman the better of the two, certainly more action-packed, but there was also the many-faceted folklore aspect which was extremely interesting.

The books make for nice, light reading, perfect after heavy case-law. If you enjoy murder mysteries, then you may well like these. I have reviewed two here, but Hillerman has written several others. They are not available everywhere; Paragraph Bookstore on Sherbrooke St. W. and Coles at St. Catherine and Stanley are your best bets.



"No, you jerk! The lawyer's the one with the brief case!"

Our Friend - The Television

by Patricia Armstrong, LL. B. III

Probably the most complete form of goofing off is the television. The television set does not ask anything from us - it just gives and gives.

When was the last time you spent some real quality time with your TV? There is a whole wonderful world inside that box and, best of all, you don't even have to get out of you pajamas to discover it.

The research department at the *Quid* has put together a free seminar designed to allow you to develop your television skills. It is intended to highlight how the variety and richness of television can add to our lives.

The seminar takes place, of course, in your living room. Materials consist only of the list of programs (provided below) and a variety of snack food provided by the participant. Cable subscription is a prerequisite. Remote controlled channel selector is recommended.

The programs are balance between educational - demonstrating the number of things that you can learn to do without ever actually doing anything at all; leisure - truly mindless entertainment; and physical development - sports programs.

Morning programs are optional. However, to get the most from your day, we do suggest that you turn on the television as soon as you get up.

Remember, watch all commercials, as they can teach us important life skills. Try to learn all the jingles and sing along.

A.M.

9:00 - Bridge with Audrey Grant (24)

9:30 - Slimer! and the Real Ghostbusters (8 & 22)

10:00 - Plaisir de peindre (9) or Learn to Navigate (24)

10:30 - Les Pierrafeu en culottes courtes (35)

11:00 - Amish Cooking from Quilt Country (57) or Dealing with Dogs (24)

11:30 - Rude Dog and the Dweebs (3) or Spiderman (8)

12:00 - WWF Superstars of Wrestling (12)

12:30 - Kissy Fur (5) or Celebrity Tennis (4)

P.M.

1:00 - Break.

Get up, stretch. You might want to change into track pants, sweatshirt and running shoes as there will be a number of sporting events in the afternoon portion of the program.

1:30 - Solid Gold Rock 'n' Roll (8) or Fish 'n' Canada (12)

2:00 - Driver's Seat (4,5,6) or Left, Right and Centre: Party Politics in Canada (24)

2:30 - Bob Izumi's Real Fishing Show (8)

3:00 - PBA Bowling (5) -90 minutes

4:30 - Sportsworld: Powerboating Championships (5) or Amish Cooking from Quilt Country (33) -re-run for those who missed the morning session

5:00 - Bugs Bunny (4,7) -mandatory

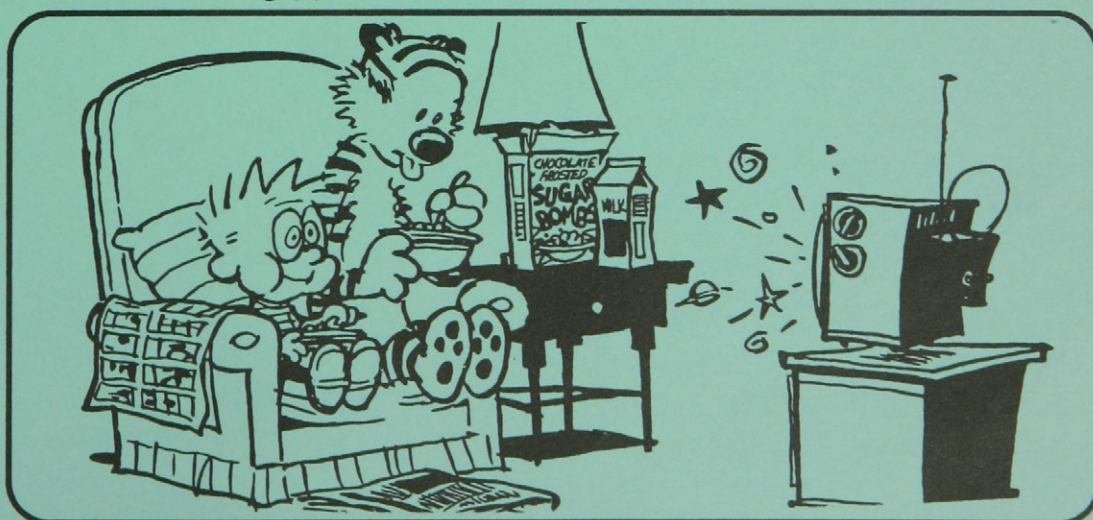
5:30 - Batman (10) -mandatory

6:00 - Parlons chasse et pêche (9) or Lawrence Welk (33)

6:30 - Dinner Break

Evening Program: at this point of the seminar, participants are given the opportunity to try out their new skills on their own. Remember to experiment with your television and select programs that will offer something stimulating and new.

11:15 p.m. - Keynote Program "Rollergames" (22) - A program that shows just what the creative giants in broadcasting are capable of: "Two diminutive contestants in walled room with overlooking rows of spectators. Object of the game is for these players to get as many balls into the three open cones that are placed in a triangular formation at the centre of the room. However, three huge enforcers try to stop them. All are dressed in spandex. Fun and excitement for all!"



Caveat Emptor

by Julie Godin, B.C.L. III

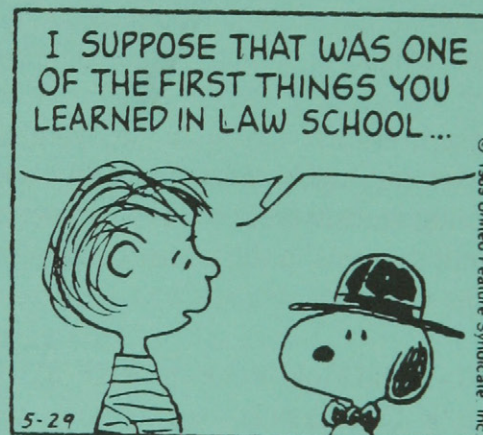
In the orgy of consumerism which now overshadows the "holiday season", music lovers are not spared from relentless *Brave New World*-inspired forms of advertising. As you scan full page ads for recent recordings by everyone from Voivod to Mitsou, you may feel apprehensive. To assist you in spending wisely that emergency loan money, here are some thoughts on three recent releases.

Tracy Chapman - "Crossroads": lauded by critics, adored by baby boomers, Tracy Chapman is appealing to the very people she seeks to condemn. Is her brand of social criticism pandering to yuppie guilt, by allowing C.D.-buying professionals to rediscover folk music and get a sense of moral redemption in the bargain? This would be a cynical, yet logical explanation for the success of her first album which, uneven in its tone and often clumsy in its production, seemed to tap some collective need in New age America. Tracy Chapman's disarming vulnerability and the directness of her style gave the record a raw, surprising impact.

In her second album, she faces the challenge of staying true to her concerns, while bringing a new angle to her message. Unfortunately, she has fallen into a formula of protest rhetoric, and is unable to rise above easy clichés. Where she once chose to describe the bleak experience of poverty with stark realism and evocative, tangible images (as in "Fast Car"), she now resorts to preachy generalizations. Thus, in "Material World", she sings: "You in your fancy / Material / World / Create in your image / A supreme God".

It is in her more personal songs that her

lyrics ring true. The immediacy of her thoughts in "Be Careful of my Heart" and "All that You Have is Your Soul", reinforced by a pared-down sound, offer



a glimpse of her evolution as a songwriter. However, the nauseatingly slick "A Hundred Years" and the derivative "Subcity" provide very little food for thought. In the album's opening song "Crossroads", Tracy

Chapman is already expressing dissatisfaction with pop music fame - "All you folks think I got my price / At which I'll sell all that is mine". This disappointing second effort suggests that the pressure of the music industry's expectations may have taken its toll on Tracy Chapman.

Eurythmics - "We Too are One": A recent stunning live performance by this group prompted me to seek out their latest album. Undoubtedly, The Annie Lennox - Dave Stewart team has been transformed since its beginnings as an ice-cold synth-pop duo. This record affirms their progression into the soul/funk vein, and yet has an edge seldom found in the British "blue-eyed soul" genre. The Eurythmics' songs provide a particularly tough, bitter assessment of relationships and power struggles between men and women. Their music plunders the repertory of classic soul and Motown arrangements, but somehow Lennox's rich voice and Stewart's tasteful, selective guitar playing manage to carry the record. Annie Lennox brings the energy of anger and resentment to her singing (two earlier albums were entitled "Savage" and "Revenge"). She doesn't hesitate to expose violent images of the cruelty and despair which can permeate and destroy love.

The startling counterpart to these tales of woe emerges in songs of a completely different nature - uplifting, hopeful, they are presented as an antidote to heart break. "Revival" and "When the Day Goes Down" offer encouragement in answer to the difficult realities evoked in other songs. This dichotomy creates an

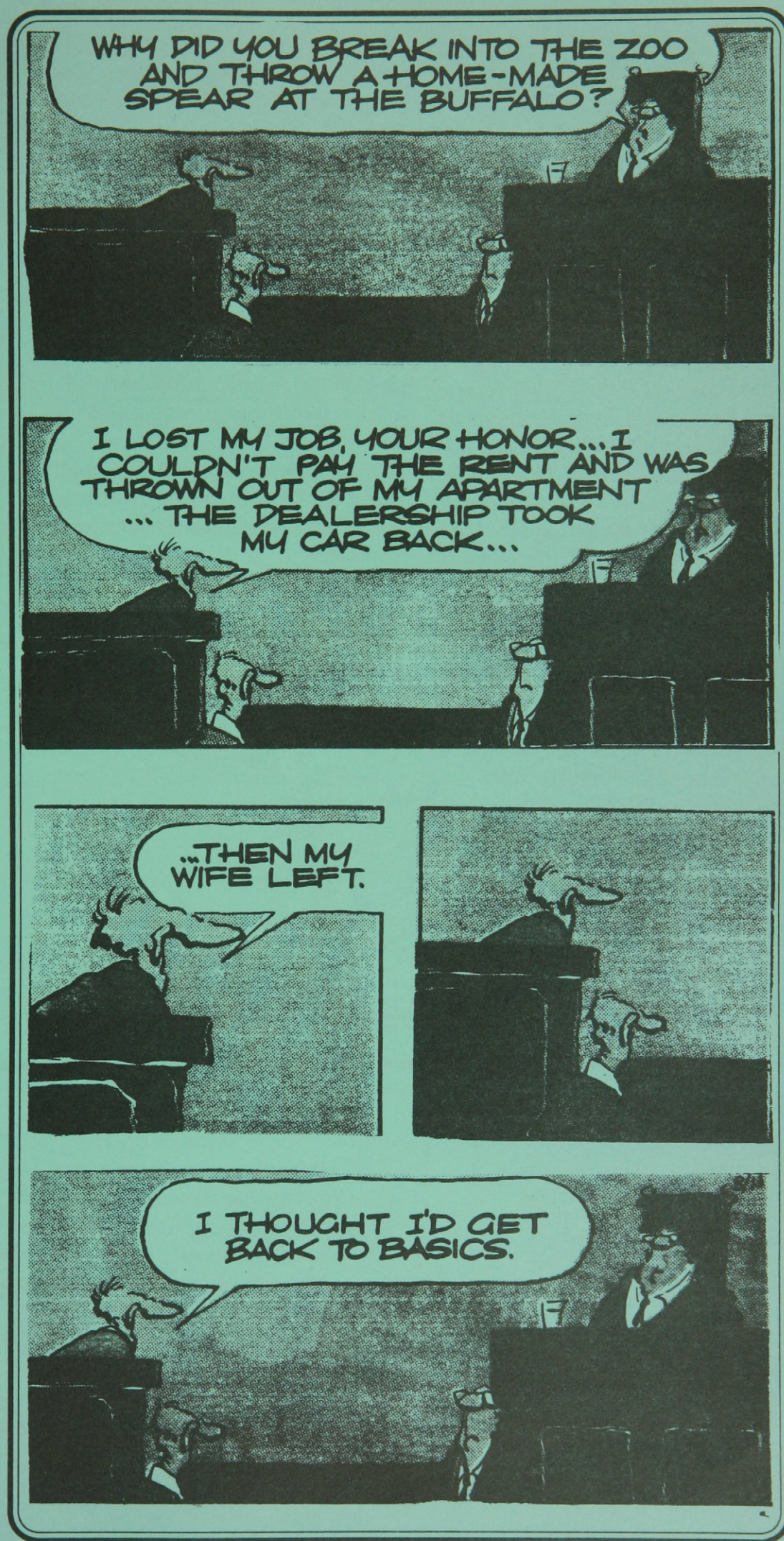
Cont'd on p.13

Caveat Emptor...

Cont'd from p.12

album which stands as a whole, and in which the tensions between love and hate, hope and bitterness are justly rendered. A perfect gift for someone who's had his (or her) heart broken into seventeen pieces.

Gavin Friday and the Man Seezer - "Each Man Kills the Thing He Loves": "Some kill their love when they are young, some when they are old. Some strangle with the hands of lust, some with the hands of gold. The kindest use a knife because the dead so soon grow cold." These lyrics by Oscar Wilde set the tone for a dark brooding and inspired creation. Gavin Friday, who once achieved infamy as a member of the Irish group, the Virgin Prunes, has teamed up with the mysterious Man Seezer for a musical journey into the valley of the shadow of death. Producer Hal Willner, who has put together anthologies of songs from Kurt Weill and from old Walt Disney movies, has the knack for concocting strange but successful artistic collaborations. (Imagine Sinéad O'Connor singing "Someday my Prince Will Come"). On this album, he weaves a haunting, bizarre background to Friday's ghostly laments. The result is a truly original record which could become one of Charles Manson's favourites. Gavin Friday's rendition of Bob Dylan's "Death is not the End" drips with irony, and takes the album's demented vision to the level of brilliance. If you life is beginning to remind you of a Gothic novel, this album should provide an ideal accompaniment.



"Get me a lawyer."

An Open Letter to Professor Simmonds

Dear Professor Simmonds:

We, the great unwashed, humbly offer these few words of appreciation to your irreproachable self, for your time, effort and commitment to students over the course of your tenure at McGill.

Your many attributes have reached near legendary proportions that will, in the great tradition of law school, be passed on from one class to the next for years to come. You created the shoehorn lecture - four hours of teaching squeezed into the two hour time period. You defined the invaluable term 'pissedoffedness' and no one will forget Simmondsian tangential interpretation of case law -

boggling the mind, sending cold tremors into the heart and exhausting the hand.

In all honesty, your humour, eloquence and brilliant grasp of the course material has not gone unappreciated by the hundreds of students you have taught over the years. We wish you the very best in your new adventures and thank you on behalf of students past and present for your contributions to our faculty and to our personal academic development.

McGill's loss is most definitely Murdoch University's gain. With many thanks and best wishes, we remain,
Yours truly,
The McGill Law Students Association

Quotes of the Week

Prof. Sheppard, in U.S. Constitutional, speaking on guns and the law: "I guess the jungle was a safer place to be than 19th century America."

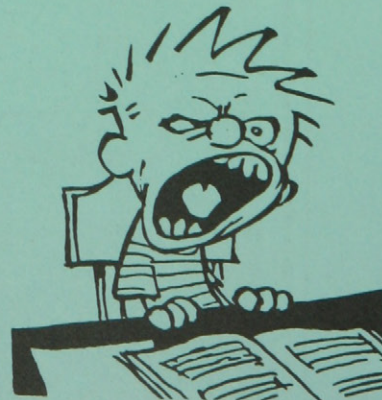
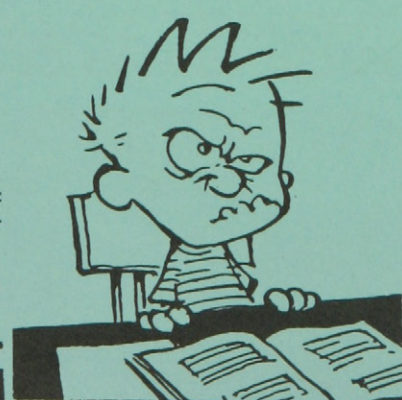
Mrs Lederer: "Breathe deeply."

Prof. Durnford, in Taxation, speaking on alimony: "I put an example of this on this piece of sheet I handed out to you."

Prof. Flanagan, in Common Law Property: "I don't want to find you in my bedroom."



A conveys "to B in fee simple, to the use of C for life, remainder to the use of the first of C's children to go on safari, remainder to the use of the survivor of C's children, in fee simple." Discuss validity and effect.



THE LIVING DEAD DON'T **NEED** TO SOLVE FACT PATTERNS.

